



To Keep the Moths Away.

THE odor of printer's ink and cedar is not at all agreeable to moths. An ordinary trunk lined with clean newspapers, under which a number of small pieces of wood from eigar boxes have been laid, makes a safe storage place for clothing.

## Love and the Uniform

By MARY ELLEN SIGSBEE

The Soldier Must Merit the Trust and Admiration His Uniform Inspires in the Feminine Heart



### By Mary Ellen Sigsbee.

VERY station along the railroad these days has a few soldier boys about. The small boys eye their accoutrements with envy. The young girls cast admiring glances in their direction.

direction.

A few short months ago these soldiers were just the usual assortment of young fellows—they represented all kinds—good, bad and indifferent. But to-day they are transformed. The glamor of a uniform surrounds them all slike. The magic of a khaki coat—there is something in the feminine heart that begins to stir at sight of it!

The imaginative and susceptible feminine heart sees in every soldier a knight in shining armora man strong, brave and high-minded-a protector

equally of his country and of the woman who trusts in him.

It should be the duty of every soldier to prove that this admiration and respect due to his uniform is also merited by his conduct. care of every

the weaer of the uniform realize that she expects him to live up to the high ideals the uniform stands

# DRACULA,

## THE VAMPIRE

By BRAM STOKER.

### SYNOPSIS OF STORY

licitor's clerk, takes a long Journey to Bukowing to see Count Dracula and arrange for the transfer of an English estate to transfer of an English estate to the Count. In his diarry, kept in shorthand, he gives the details of his strange trip, the inster part filled with mysterious and thrill-ing happenings. Upon his arrival at Castle Dracula he is met by the Count and Sads himself vir-tually a prisoner. The castle it-self is a place of mystery with doors all barred, and no servants to be seen. The Count greets him warmly, but his strange personality, and odd behavior cause Har-ker much alarm. In order not to arouse suspicion Harker leads the Count to tell of his custate and of the history of his family. Later the Count orders him to write his employer he is to stay at the castle for a month. That night he sees the Count crawi down the castle wall like a lisard. A series of mysterious incidents follow, and Harker gains an idea of the strange character of his host. and rearner gains an issen of the strange character of his host. One night three women appear in his room but are driven away by the Count in fury. Recognizing his danger he seeks to escape, but finds all avenues of escape closed.

\*\*PART I—(Continued)

6 HUT THE DOOR: I shall wait till morning:" and covered my face with my hands to hide my tears of bitter disappointment. With one sweep of his powerful arm, the Count threw the door shut, and the great boils clanged and echoed through the hall as they shot back into their places. In allence we returned to the library, and after a minute or two I went to my own room. The last I saw of Count Dracula was his kissing his hand to me; with a red light of triumph in his eyes, and with a smile that Judas in hell might be proud of.

When I was in my room and about to lie down, I thought I heard a whispering at my door. I went to it softly and listened. Unless my ears deceived me, I heard the voice of the Count:

"Back, back, to your own place! Your time is not yet come. Wait! Have patience! Tonight is mine. Tomorrow night is yours!" There was a low, sweet ripple of laughter, and in a rage I threw open the door, and saw without the three terrible women licking their lips. As I appeared

saw without the three terrible women

with blood.

He lay like a filthy leech, exhaustlicking their lips. As I appeared they all joined in a horrible laugh and ran away.

I came back to my room and threw myself on my knees. Is it then so near the end? Tomorrow! tomorrow! Lord help me, and those to whom I am dear?

30 June, morning—These may be the last words I ever write in this diary. I slept till just before the dawn, and when I woke threw myself on my knees, for I determined that if Death came he should find my knees, for I determined that if Death came he should find my knees, perhaps,

hat trembled with eagerness, I unat trembled with eagerness, I un-coked the chains and drew back the lethal weapon at hand, but I seized a assive bolts. assive bolts.
But the door would not move. Des shovel which the workmen had been But the door would not move. Despair seized me. I pulled, and pulled, using to fill the cases, and lifting it high struck, with the edge downward, sive as it was, it rattled in its casement. I could see the bolt shot. It had been locked after L left the cases and lifting it high struck, with the edge downward, at the hateful face, But as I did so the head turned, and the eyes fell full upon me, with all their blaze of basilisk horcount.

The sight seemed to paralyze me, and the abovel turned in my hand and glanced from the face, merely making tain that key at any risk, and I de-termined then and there to scale the The shovel fell from my hand across

wall again and gain the Count's the box, and as I pulled it away the room. He might kill me, but death flange of the blade caught the edge now seemed the happier choice of of the lid, which fell over again, and evils. Without a pause I rushed up hid the horrid thing from my sight. to the east window, and scrambled The last glimpse I had was of the down the wall, as before, into the bloated face, blood-stained and fixed Count's room. It was empty, but that with a grin of malice which would was as I expected. I could not see a key anywhere, but the heap of gold have held its own in the nethermost hell.

remained. I went through the door To Be (Continued Tomorrow) in the corner and down the winding (Copyrighted)

dawn, and when I woke threw myself on my knees, for I determined that if Death came he should find me ready.

At last I felt that subtle change in the air, and knew that the morning had come. Then came the welcome had come and I felt that I was safe.

the helpless.

Then came the wescome cock-crow, and I felt that I was safe. With a glad heart, I opened my door and ran down to the hall. I had seen that the door was unlocked, and now that the door was unlocked, and now escape was before me. With hands

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and half-pint measuring cups, table spoons and teaspoons being used. Sisteen level tablespoonfuls equal of half-pint. Quantities are sufficient for six persons unless otherwise stated. Flour is sifted once before measuring.

A RESOLVE BORN

OF DESPERATION.

Then a wild desire took me to ob-

drups onion juice. 4 cupful of milk, 2 tablespoonfuls butter, 1 table-flour, teaspoonful salt, Cayenne

flour, and cook until bubbling. Add milk gradually, stirring all the while, until a smooth, medium-thick mixture results. To the white sauce add the eggs beaten, the rest of the ingredients, and seasoning to taste Beat well together, put into small greased molds, and bake in a pan of water till set. Turn out on hot dish and surround with more white sauce or tomato sauce.

Six good sized, uniform celery-stalks, one - half pound Roquefort chorse, one tablespoonful olive-oil,

cheese, one tablespoonful olive-oil, six drops Worcestershire sauce, one-quarter teaspoonful paprika, one tablespoonful butter.

Wash and dry the celery, removing any possible strings. Mix together the remaining ingredients until smooth, fill the celery-stalks, and seve with table sauda saud

### All measurements are level, stand | Curried Chicken, Indian Style. 1 tender chicken (8 pounds), 6

small onions, 1 clove garlic, 1/2 pound butter or any good shortening, 1 to 2 teaspoonfuls curry-powder, I teaspoonful sait, I cupful cream or rich milk (either sweet or sour). 'A cupful shredded cocoanut. Chop the onions and garile very fine and mix them with the curryowder and salt. Fry the chicken a the fut and when half done add in the fut and when half done add the curried onlons; let all fry to-gether (cover the frying pan) till the meat is tender. Add the cream and the cocoanut and let all cook together slowly. When quite done the butter will separate from the thicker part of the gravy. Serve with boiled rice.

### Cream of Lettuce Soup.

Two cupfuls chopped lecttuce, four cupfuls milk, two tablespoonfuls butter. Iwo tablespoonfuls flour, grated rind of one orange, grated rind of one lemon, one-half teaspoonful salt, one-eighth teaspoonful pepper, cayenne pepper. The head lecctuce is not as good for this as the long, green-leaved variety. Chop fine and hoil in a small quantity of water about twenty minutes; drain if necessary, but leave at least a cupful of the

out leave at least a cupful of the serve with hot tousted crackers,

## The Smart Evening Gown

Reprinted by Permission of Good Housekeeping, the Nation's Greatest Home Magazine.



DRAPERY at the sides, arranged so it accentuates slimness, lavish bead embroidery and the use of satin are three notes of the new Winter fashion in this lovely pink gown. Another smart point here is the mere fragments of net sleeves, which will largely take the place of the "no sleeves at all" fashions.

SMART features of the new fashion are this frock; the short, transparent sleeves, the slim, longer skirt with side drapery, and the lovely chiffon, picot edged, with a high satin girdle; pink, white or blue. The price is moderate.

## The Fatal Ring

A STORY OF ADVENTURE,

Fatal Ring.")

HALL I announce your

By Fred Jackson. Episode 12. 1917, by Fred Juckson, all rights reserved.)

asked Tory politely. "No!" cried, Tom.

announce myself!" And he advanced upon the study

Pearl-apparently entirely recovered-stood at the deak, studying something that she held in her

hands. The diamond? He wondered. Tip-toeing cautiously across the room he glanced over her shoulder. It was his watch she held so tenderly, the watch she had rescued from the ruins of her Adirondack

camp. And it was opened so that her picture in the buck of it stood revealed. "My watch!" he cried, forgetting

in his astonishment that she did not know of his presence. She whirled around, all blushes and dimples and shy confusion.

"The watch may be yours," she answered swiftly, "but the picture certainly is mine!" Tom caught both of her hands in

his and gazed straight in her eyes as he responded ardently: 'Very well. Keep it. It's the

original I want, anyway!" Do you really?" asked Pearl. Cross my heart," he answered.

And then-before she quite knew herself what she was doing, she had crept into his outstretched arms and he was holding her "Kiss me!" she said, "as you kissed me when I was unconscious." He laughed and kissed her.

"Do you actually care for me?"
he asked then drawing off to
look at her. "Do you seriously,
care. I mean? Do you care enough
to marry me and settle down—and
live happily ever afterward."

A Proviso. "Indeed I do." answered Pearl

ugged her closer.

ried." he asked.

You can consider yourself engaged, sir! Her eyes were (winkling, He

as she knew how. She called in two of the detectives that had been working on the case from the be-ginning, and with Tom and the When are we going to be mar-"As soon as we've settled this

## MYSTERY AND THRILL

still undiscovered

"Spider"—all five huddled to-gether in one motor car—they raced for Cicily's house in the neighbor-hood of the Park.

No one challenged them as they descended and mounted Cicily's front steps. One of the detectives opened the door with a skelston key and they entered the hall— still undiscovered.

But as they advanced toward the

stairs. Casanndra—who was half-way up the first flight on her way to her own room—heard their footsteps and turned back to inves-

She saw them in the lower hall-

saw the open door behind them—
through which they had come. She
recognized the detectives.
Soft-footed as a deer and as fleet,
she sped on to Cicily's boudelr to
sound the alarm.

To Be Continued To-morrow.

DO YOU KNOW

THAT-

additional income tax of 10 per cent.

on single men and childless widow-

ers between twenty-one and forty-

Archdeacon Dennis, who recently

died at sea, translated the Bible

into Ibo, the language which is cur-

rent among 3,000,000 tribemmen in

During recent years the experts

of Canadian apples to the United

Kingdom have totalled about 1.500,-

five who have not yet enlisted.

Southern Nigeria.

000 barrels per annum.

Australia is going to impose an

Who's Who in the Thrilling New Film Pearl Standish.....PEARL WHITE Richard Carslake ...... Warner Oland The High Priestess......Ruby Hoffman 

violet diamond business," she answered promptly. He drew back again and stared at her.

"What?" he gasped. "Do you still mean to go on with it? Do you mean to keep on risking your life,

now"
"Of course," answered Pearl.
"Nothing could induce me to give
up my fight for the violet diamond. Would you have me tamely submit and let Carslake make of with it? Do you want me to spend the rest of my life dodging missiles directed at my head by those heathen Arabs?"

He sighed.
"I suppose they would keep after

"Indeed they would. The best way to get rid of them is to get the diamond back for them."
"But we seem no nearer to doing that than we were a week ago!"
"Ah, but we may be nearer to it. We may succeed in recovering the diamond this very night."
"Do you think so" he asked, fromple

frowing.
"It's possible."
As she spoke the telephone bell
rang sharply. They looked at each

### The Spider" Calls.

"Another clue. The diamond again!" she cried as she rushed for the phone. "I'll wager it isn't" murmured

But if he had wagered he would have lost, for as she picked up the receiver it was "The Spider's"

voice that came over the wire to her, and what he said was: "Round up your detectives and meet me in five minutes. I've just got hold of Slick Nick, and he tells me he saw Carsiake go into the home of a woman I know named Cicily Lloyd. We can be on the trail again as soon as you say the word."

ord." Pearl said the word as quickly

Seven hundred thousand fewer firths took place in Germany last year than in 1914

Over a hundred peerages have been created in England in the paint

fifty yours

### of high finance, and the falry princess is struggling with inces or ledgers or a telephone switchboard There are bad fairles to tempt the prince—the bad fairles of his own evil desires. He meets ogres and glants on the way-they are the ture of sloth and passion and dis-Lonesty. And after he has contured he probably acquires wellmastery and a two-thousanu-uotlar position in an office where there are battles the little fairy princess is likely to be as far away from Prince Charming as ever.

Ing was expected to come rid-

his white charger, doff his cap and

inquire in soul-stirring tones if his

lady were at home. Time was when

the beautiful princess was waiting

for her lad at the end of the road if

he but got up and journeyed toward

her with his lute over his shoulder.

He might have to slay a few

dragons and ogres on the way, he

might have to restet a few bad

fairles, he might even have to step

through a circle of fire: but in the

sleeping fairy princess and site

woke-and was his forever more

ing in search of business adventure

and seeking to conquer the world

end he stopped over and kissed his

To-day Prince Charming is rid-

ing up to the front door on

How shall we get them together That is our problem. Now first of all let us look at the girl's end of it, since after you have modified that and softened it a bit in some directions and bolstered it up in a others it is exactly the mun's

swinging in there some day and bear you out to sea. So you have to be ready. In plain, simple, un-varnished English, the giri who gets sullen and unhappy because life is passing her by is encouraging life to go right on doing that same thing.

Being "a sour old mald" means accepting as inevitable the stupidity

accepting as inevitable the stupidity and dulness of your life, means letting your voice get sullen, your mouth sulky, your eyes sodden and your general appearance slouchy. Beware of these four S's!

Just because you go through a duil routine of marching down to an office only where every man is middle-aged and married and in love with his wife-just because you live in a boarding house where there isn't a single attractive man there isn't a single attractive man and have as your only friend in all the world another girl who is as manless and hopeless as you are Coesn't meen that it is always go-

ng to be that way. A man with whom you can have a eplendid friendship may walk into your office any inlinete. He may come to your boarding house for dinner this very night. Be ready! Have your lamp filled with oil that ou may light it on a moment's

And do you know exactly what that meuns? It builds itself on this foundation—be nice and neat and sweet and clean. Your hair wants sweet and c'ean. Your hair wante to be warhed and brushed until it is soft and fine. It mustn't look oils or carry an aroma mingled of board-ing house cooking and cheap to-bacco and ugly staleness. Your body must be bathed daily even if you have no better bathtub than a washbowl a foot across. A twenty-five-cent tin of delicately scentred falcum must be one of your scentrd falcum must be one of your possessions even if you go without lunch twice a month to keep your-self stocked in dainty flower scent-

few others it is exactly the mun's and of it, too.

No matter how much you feel that life has stranded you in a backwater, you have to recognize the strander water, you have to recognize the strander water.

Has Life Passed You By? BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX skin's texture and the delicate aweetness which comes into a room with her make her very lovable. Borax and water carry away the lingering reminders of a hot day-and I wish all my boys and girls would remember this, for the clean sweetness of the body ought to be a matter of personal pride with every one of us and is absolutely

> Men let their clothes soak up Men let their clothes soak up mementos of cheap tobacco, they go sbout with hands stained by contact with chemicals and half dried printer's ink. Peroxide and lemon juice and hand brushes and orange wood sticks are all kindiy friends to the man who wants dainty fine women to like him.

necessary as a background for

dainty, fine women to like him.

Don't be angry with me for going into these details. They are
necessary. One out of every three
people you meet has neglected
some sacred rite of the toilet. A
few shamefacedly powder their
noses or freshen their finger nails
to subway stations but still more in subway stations, but still more march on with the serene conceit which enables them to feel that they ought to be attractive with solled linen collars on and holes in the heels of their stockings draggled white skirts over so

dragged white skirts over solled cannas shoes.

Now we have our background—he nest and clean and sweet and fine all the time. Work in a musty old bookshop or a sooty foundry if you must, but when you come out remember the cleanliness which has been called "next to godliness," and which is back of all charm and magnetism and lovable-

Now we are well started on our Now we gre well started on our search for happiness. We have come to recognize that the temple must be awept and garnished—that the lonely soul which longs for love must be housed in a clean, aweet hody that is fit to receive it. What next

(The next article in this series will appear here soom)

## All Star Recipes

The following recipes have been tested and approved by Good

Pea Timbales. One cupful pea pulp, 3 eggs. few

pepper.

Press fresh-cooked or canned
pens through a sieve to make the
cupful of pulp. Make a white sauce
as follows: Melt the butter, add

Roquefort Celery-Sticks.

and serve with plain saled and hot tousted crackers.

Two cupfuls chopped lecttuce,

liquor. Add to the lettuce and liquor the milk, grated orange and lemon-peel, and bring to a boil Thicken with the butter and flour cooked together; add salt, pepper and just a dash of cayenne and